nesses;" and, failing to force the lock, drew off the hinges. Yes, there was the will. Dora could not repress a glad cry

Mr. Townley glanced it over, and then said to Mr. Harton: "Can you tell me the date of your

will?" "Fifteenth of May, 18-, It was drawn up the last time Capt. Chorley was at

"This will is dated five years before that, but there is a codicil attached which bears the date of May 24."

Mr. Harton gave a despairing groan. Mr. Townley proceeded to read it. By the first will the property was divided equally between the two boys; the codicil provided, if Harold, who was then married, should die childless, his wife should retain only a life interest in the portion, and at her death it should revert to Vincent. The same provision was made for Harold, if Vincent should die first and childless.

During this reading a new thought

had occurred to Mr. Harton. He would make his antagonist prove this will was written by Capt. Chorley before he left the Cliffs on his last voyage. It might be impossible to find the date of his So, although angry and disappointed, he declared he would contest the will to the last point.

first time.

lawn like verdure.

dotted here and there, and exquisite par-

Behind it, and on both sides, were

dusky woods-or what seemed to be so:

wander at ease through interminable

est families in the county.

round her well so and head.

How could they think of exit?

May 1 m hed a -

pouted May, prettily

gan to row towards shore.

water. Must you go over today?"

fastened the boat to the moering post.

is no disfigurement to itself, is it, Guv?"

They taked and I oched, and other-

pron (e) the house, and fant of the dark

eyes whose owner glared at them from

In 7 to a to with over distinctness

stancer parties they I Earnings, look-

arm! I never noticed it before."

a kind of Spanish stiletto.

quickly as it came.

of those sample marks?

"You know you are always welcome,"

conversing I forgot all time."

L'Estrance.

pose of a c

entirely u:

Her form was beautifully shaped: the

cross the para which

terres of flowers genining its beauty.

Dora was too hopeful to be cast down by this. She reserved her expressions of delight for her mother and Jane, and longed impatiently for the time when she might congratulate Mr. Chorley. But his trial did not end so happily as she had thought for. The evidence against him was pretty strong, but, fortunately for him, the jury failed to agree and the result was a new trial, as Mr. Harton was obstinute and energetic.

though when entered it was possible to Then the two lawyers went to work with avidity to heat up the missing date. Mr. Townley was successful. Capt. Chorley had remined at the Cliffs paths, cool even in the bottest day of two days after making the addition to his will. Allingham Chorley's claim was established beyond a doubt.

How the document Mrs. Charley discovered ever came into existence remained forever a secret. Mr. Harton mercing, the presion and excitement of the tast Lew superleaving enhanted in an attack of heart disease. He had for-bidden Gives to test at the Chife, but now Mrs Berband and Bers went to fusing to do murthing for Once. If it pained or hursilisted Clara to know she and been married sold for her wealth, the made no sign to those about her.

With his tauster's eye no longer upon him, the witness against Alliagham Cherley wavered and grew confused, and floally admitted that it might have been an accident. The prisoner was honorably discharged, and warmly congratulated on his good fortune.

The first use he made of his freedom \*as to walk over to the Cliffs. Dora stood at the gate. She had so much to say, yet her eyes drooped under the gaze that met hers, and a strange, sweet crimson suffused her cheeks. He took both white hands in his, and kissed the sweet, silent mouth, and then, instead of going in immediately, walked up and down with her under the trees.

Late that evening they finished the conversation. She did it on this wise: "I want you to ask poor Olive to come and live with us. She has lost everything, you know.'

"And we have gained everythingfortune, love and friends. I believe I owe most of them to you, so you shall have your wish. We will try to make Olive happy."

They kept their word. To this day Olive insists that Dora discovered the ghost of the tower, and the sweet wife

says, laughingly: "A very substantial ghost." THE END.

THE MONKEY COMES BACK.

It Was a Fallure as a Christmas Present

and She Proposed to Change It. She was coming down town from Harlem road and a she shared a seat military were the their such precaution a post-se that the man looked

at it will a proper applained as she the cars noticed the Low, party is back to the store on Fourte and state to the store in the store of the on Four the standard of the standard of a year's standard of the standard of t Mobile but I'm going made you dis rd as and a commer?"

'May I inquire what it is, ma'am?" he

"Certainly It's a monkey-a toy monkey. When I got it I thought I had struck it rich, It had a beauty or that, opened and saut its up and down a standard I thought it just the thing for my little amphew.

"And don't it prove to tel"
"Far from it. It wasn't an hour before be had dug out the eyes, twisted off the tail and and sild him up and down until the string was broken. Do they warrant monkeys?"

"I think they warranted this one. If I remust be settled. I don't want anything of that kind to bother me when my bird member right the clerk said there was nothhas flown to her nest. I sha'n't be long tite-track, and that he would stand in any away, and if Mrs. Raymond will only the way to beat an old lady like me out of least a couple of hours at the lodge tonight "He is certainly a dilandated looking ani-

mai, ma'am. "You ber! He's the dilapsilatedest looking

thing in all New York state, and I've had him had away in the closet buil the time since Christmas, They've got to take it back. Do you think they'll do it without a fuss! "Perhaps."

They'd better! I'm going in and smill and spenk softly at first, but if they get can tankerous it won't toke six sassy words to raise my dander. Want would you ask t

"Well, I imrelly know." "Fre sorter get my mind set on a mule which moves his head frecord - to side, but I might take an element was a swings his trumk. A new test vesses old doo's care in for cows and shrep. What sure of a crime would you call it will the a monkey whice finispointes to unit an entity

That's executy what it is, and they can first a've tonogue at all our - it to say

glances of the girl.



those who as visitors came to it for the

Clare Raymond, the daughter of Mrs. It was one of the show places of the Raymond, May Fielding's guardian, was county, with its grand avenues of noble four years May's senior, and during all oaks, its dense copses, its knolls and dells those long, long months which had and lovers' walks, its wide expanses of formed the period of the courtship of her friend and her lover, she had suf-The house itself was worth a journey fered torture unspeakable.

She had set her heart upon Guy when It stood on the summit of a long, slopfirst they had met, years before. ing hill, overlooking in front an undu-Even in those days, however, when lating expanse of greensward, with trees May was only 14 and Guy 21, she was

his favorite and companion. And as time passed, the bud blossomed out and ripened imperceptibly though surely, and without any display of mock modesty or self consciousness. May Fielding drifted from her position of the child playmate of Guy L'Estrange to that of

his betrothed bride. The L'Estranges were one of the proud-Clare had seen all this, and used desperate means to avert such a calamity. They could claim an unsuffied descent Failing all else, she had opened her from ancestors who in the good old times heart to her wondering mother, and enhad done good service to their country, treated her to send May away to school and never did it seem less likely than on

before it was too late. this pleasant June day that a shadow But this was not to be. dd fall upon the honor of the old "My dear," said her mother tenderly. "this cannot be done. I pity you, and They were lovers, these two who were eel for you, but I cannot help you. I now out on the school waveless water, and were pole married in a week. on forbidition to send her to echool. All her education must be received in my petrified with astonishment to speak, but May told her laughingly. The was brodenine, rich, the owner of L'Estrange Park and estates. She was some. I am procladed to the will from at length he contrived to say: allowing her to leave my house until a

ny bestess, trong, legatiful, the ward of Hea Physicolal of the Ladge, the grounds And so time passed; and Guy and of which suspent down to the lake side, which here foreged the boundary of the May, happy to each other's love, knew Man was a gul of whom any lover

the season which a little lies and al of a real seventeen: bright "On, how I have her?" she eried. "But

for her his low would be been mine! Her large, harring eyes were of a deep putsy bue, and capable of express-As I to think I have the I and tried in for as regards me." vain, with all my beauty, which has ing deep emotion; nor lips were curved been praised so much by others, only to and ripened, her compaction bright, her be set aside for that golden haired doll!" hair golden and entering like an aureola

that she might not witness the entrance ous eyes. of the lovers-that she might calm hershoulders and bust perfect, a tender self, in fact, before she met them at all. grace seemed to pervade her whole per-But her mind was too busy to be tran-

She was, as we have said, the ward of quilized. Mrs. Ray mond, of the Lewige; an orphan, her brain. It was too her row, All her scheming had been for ing; in a storm, save the we woman and Guy weet to y won I be mare Her fa. . . . . . . . . . . . L.r re formue

"On a year I star a coward?" she c cannot I Even at she could disscheme to 1 could But it was an entired they were thinkin it is a They were to the collects of toat somew-ves, to with a spitelove - younge mover guessing that er than she

The but present the water. It will be a part of which heart has given how as the but present the water has a wall, her will prayer would be anarms, guarante la clove in eyes as

he present a second ner sent lips or Gay voices in the next room roused will perel to her element denichts in her, and she schooled have if to be calm the future, when mother day nor night and smiling to meet the lovers, and Mrs. could bring to these the sories of partvengeful feelings in her daughter's heart, was joking with the young people, and He suddenly, a server, rouses himself, twitting May about her anxiety at Guy's after on ong, a kiss, and took absence for a few hours.

"You'll get used to longer absences than that, May," she crid, "when you

"Oh, no," laughed Guy, "she will "My degreet," he said, "I must answer never have that to complain of. I'm goyou in the words of the poet: 'With thee ing to hang on to the proverbial apron string. It saves a lot of bother, and you know of old, Mrs. Raymond, that I'm "But you are not a business man," rather lazy."

"My love, I am today. I must go over "In that case," said May, "I'll drive to Barchester today," he said, as he be- 700 over to the station in the pony carringer." Clare Raymond entered at the mo

"How levely the day is, too!" she cried. "It is simply delicious out here upon the ment. "You naughty, forgetful thing," she

said in her sweetest tones, "you prom-"Yes, little one," cried Guy L'Estrange gayly. "It is a matter of business which ised to drive me and mamma to Linwood today, and"--"And so she shall," said Guy with a

smile; "I'll exert my marital authority in advance, and say she shall. And, put up with me, I intend spending at moreover, I'm not going to Barchester in my boating flannels. I must pull myself across the lake, and go home to He helped her ashore as he spoke, and dress.'

He bent and lightly touched the girl's forehead. He was not as a rule inclined said May tenderly; "but-oh, Guy, what to be demonstrative in the presence of a strange mark that is on your right others but something in her face-a wistfulness, a yearning look in the eyes | do not." -made him suddenly change his deter-She had taken hold of his white muscular arm, and was gazing intently on a mination, and he caught her to his strange tattoo mark, skillfully wrought breast and kissed her passionately. -the mark of an anchor and a dagger Then, as if ashamed of such an action

A dark cloud seemed to pass over his before Mrs. Raymond and her daughter face as she spoke, but it vanished as he muttered some inarticulate adieu to our beauty and bright, beseeching eyes, them and was off.

"Some whim of my parents" he said. His slight confusion prevented him "I only wish I could get rid of it. But I from seeing the spasm of anger and cannot with ait disfiguring myself, so I hatred which distorted the face of Clare am forced in left it remain."

Raymond as he "Oh, it does not matter," said May; "it to his heart. Raymond as he held May Fielding close

Unconscious of all threatened evil, his And as they moved along towards her beart still bounding with the love gladhome she chang to his arm in childlike ness that thrilled his form when the soft, continues and love

How could she that me the thoughts round him, Guy L'Estrange hastened to the lake side, entered the boat, pulled himself with a few powerful strokes across to the opposite shore, and, hastensample to as larger will do as they applying home, attired himself for his journey and set out towards the station at

Venne dark Loweroft. He was driven there in the dog cart, behind the safe consulment of the cur- and the groom, having received instructions as to what time to fetch him on his return from Barchester, droye off, the

the winds denoted the scene; the tall. out of sight. It was very quiet in the station when

sweet face and swelte form of May Fielding, his fiancee; the tender, caressbustle or preparation of any kind. A porter, after a few moments, cam ing attitude of the man, the shy, trustful forward, touching his hat. "Going up to London, sir?"

"No, Mason; I want to go to Barchester," said Guy. "Train gone this ten minutes, sir said the man; "not another until 5 o'clock, unless you go on to Sandford and change on to the other line." "Train gone!" repeated Guy in some ir-

ritation, as he took out his watch. "Confound the thing, it is twenty minutes slow! No, I sha'n't go on, thank you. I shall be too late for my appointment if I do. Good afternoon, Mason; I shall stroll home, and try my luck again to-morrow morning. As Guy L'Estrange began retracing his steps along the road, the face of na-

ture seemed to have changed-at any rate, for him. The nearest way home was by Lockley woods, and these he entered through gap in the hedge.

It was, to a certain extent, private property, and tramps and gypsies would have been ordered off it. But Guy L'Estrange, owner of the park, was privileged, and he swung along

the beech and oak avenues as if he had a

right there. His mind, in fact, was strangely con centrated on one thing-a desire to reach the lodge as quickly as possible, to see May (from whom he had been separated only a couple of hours) and to be sure

she was safe and well. Guy ridiculed all kinds of presentiments, and everything of a like nature, and yet he was ill at ease and nervous so much so that when, presently, a female form suddenly appeared from amid a

clump of trees, he started violently. It might have been because he wa plunged in a reverie; but, at any rate, the fact remained, and with a half bow he turned rapidly aside to avoid the stranger.

She advanced quickly, however; and before he had time to realize what was happening she had placed her hand upon his arm and thrown back her veil, revealing a face of exquisite beauty.

She looked up into his face with glance in which eager love and fear were favorite walk of hers. strangely mingled.

"Oh, Rov!" she cried, "how glad I am I have met you! How cruel to have left me without a word!"

For a moment Guy L'Estrange was too

"Madam, I am sorry if my words give you pain, but you have made a great room, Clare subsided into the pages of a mistake, one which to me is unaccount- novel, and May, pretending to do so likethe was going to hap assist nee, but one glance had as uned thin she was richly dress-d)-or that sort of thing. But you was half past 8 when he did not come to have, I negret to see, made some sad er-

gled scorn and words, though there was something a ful disappoint-She passed into an adjoining room, ment and tender research in her glori-

> said. "You are my husband, Roy Talbot, and why you are musquerading here umph. under another name I am at a loss to understand. However, if this is the way in which you intend to act, it will give me my cue. Your of rupt and cruel letter to me I intend I to have passed over tedious than he imagined. No doubt we and forgiven, but"-



"Oh. Rou!" she cried. "Madam," said Guy L'Estrange, who saw now that some real danger might cried May, springing up with a somewhat hirk for him in the shadow of this wom- pale face. an's error, "I cannot permit you to waste your words or my time any further. I him or about him," said Clare, with a have told you my name and address, and significant look that was lost upon May, since you compel me to speak rather for she had quickly crossed the room, brusquely, I must add that, as you are and, opening the door, stood listening. well aware, I am not your husband, and never saw you before. Thank your laughed at the idea of listening because helplessness and the fact that I am in- an unusually loud knock had echoed clined to fancy you have innocently made | through the house. a mistake that I do not at once hand you over to the police as soon as I can. As it is, there is my card; there also is the | seized upon Guy L'Estrange. card of my solicitor. I have no more to

He raised his hat with a polite gesture, but she flung herself on her knees before him and clasped her hands wildly.

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" she cried, "have pity. Think of the vows you took at the altar, of the happy days we have spent to gether, and, more than all, our dear child. Do not make me desperate, Roy;

Guy L'Estrange was beginning to be angry, and, more than that, a strange feeling of fear was creeping over him, an undefined dread of he knew not what.

He had felt inclined to pity this woman, who might, for all her voluptube mad and not accountable for her

But now anger got the better of his tender heart. Heaven! If her words were believed by others!

May, almost his wife now, would be taken from him! Anger and loathing took the place of compossion for the beautiful stranger.

He shook her off roughly.

to no more."

"I have had enough of this," he said. in a hard, cold voice which May Fielding would have found it difficult to rec ognize as his. "I have given you every information, and offered more than most people would to a stranger. I will listen

And he strode quickly away. The woman remained only one mo ment on her knees when she had poured skittish mare soon taking the light vehicle forth her earnest entreaties, and then sprang to her feet.

She, too, had changed, and no one seeing so well in his beating flamels; the Guy L'Estrance entered it: no sign of ling that change would have for an in-

stant imagined her to be an impostor. She had never from the first appeared

to be so. Her manner had been resolute and

"So my dream of happiness is over, she said, speaking aloud in the silence of those solemn woods. "I had hoped that his letter was but the outcome of some sudden resolve. I could not believe that he had really abandoned me to my fate, after all his protestations; after our years of love; after the birth of our child! But I will desist in my en deavors. No! I must go on now to the bitter end for my little Roy's sake."

And with these words she strode away after him. She had scarcely disappeared when

another figure appeared on the scene, that of Clare Raymond. She looked white and seared and her

if in pain. "Fool that I am!" she murmured.

"Even now, when Fate is working for me in every way, I seem to have no courage to work things to my own use. What shall I do next? How unravel this tangled skein without assistance? And yet my revenge will be but a poor one after all. If he is married, all is lost! May Fielding will suffer bitterly; but so, also, alas! shall I."

Even as she spoke a loud, shrill cry echoed through the woods, a cry as of some one imploring help.

Clare gave one starled look round, hesitated a moment, and then, brave at last, plunged into the thick plantation where the two had disappeared and fol-

the proposed pony drive; and Clare Raymond, impatient of disappointment, and with a mind inflamed by resentment, had slipped on her walking things and quitted the house. Never for one moment had she im-

An influx of visitors had prevented

agined that any discovery was awaiting her in Lockley woods.

But fate plays strange tricks. She chose that way as if impelled to do so against her will, for it was not a

And she had found-what? The time passed drearily for May. At dinner Mrs. Raymond had a head-

ache, and Clare was pale, silent and altogether "mysterious and stupid," After dinner Mrs. Raymond went

sleep in a capacious chair in the drawing able. My name is Guy L'Estrange. I wise, lay on a couch idling with her book own chamber, from which Clare quickly affling of the storm in the breast of her am the owner of the park yonder, the and looking up every five minutes at the wall of which you can now see. If you hands of the clock which ticked so softly, are in trouble, i can sare I and my aunt so aggravatingly slowly, as she thought, will be happy to go on any advice or on the mantelpiece. Guy had promised to spend two hours

with them that night; his usual time dinner, which at the lodge was served punctually at 7. It was now half past 9.

"What can be keeping Guy?" cried May at last, flinging aside her book petulantly; "he was never late before." Clare glanced over at the speaker with a look which May could not fathom; it

was a strange look, half pity, half tri-"Odd and unaccountable things happen sometimes," she said. "You see, Guy said he was going to Barchester on business, and it may have proved more

shall have news of him soon." There was a mocking ring in her voice, and a mocking light in her eyes as she spoke, which was intensely irritat-

"What is the matter, Clare?" cried the young girl. "You speak so oddly and gether. Good night." look so oddly, one would imagine that secret in regard to Guy, though I should scarcely think he would choose you for

such a purpose. She spoke with an irritability quite foreign to her nature, but she felt annoved by Clare's manner and looks.

"Well, it would certainly not be likely while her majesty the bride-elect was in the land of the living," laughed Clare; "but, really, you must learn to be reasonable. Guy may jest about being tied to your apron strings, but, mark me, he is the last man in the world to put the

theory into practice." May was about to make a somewhat angry reply, when a loud ring sounded at the hall door, followed by an impatient

knock. "That is not Guy's ring or knock,"

"No; but it may be a message from tears.

At any other time she would have

But she seemed to be infected by the same kind of presentiment which had

At the first sound she had felt a fluttering of the heart and a wild sensation of the mind, such as she had never experienced before.

Foolish, as she told herself she was to be so afraid, she yet listened intently. She heard a strong, grave voice, which she recognized at once as that of Mr. Paul Armstrong, the family solicitor. Then the servant came hurrying across

the wide, dimly lighted hall. "Miss Fielding," she said, "Mr. Armstrong wishes to have a few words with you and Mrs. Raymond if you can spare the time.' "Ask Mr. Armstrong to come in at

once," said May, in a calm voice, though her bosom was panting with the wild beatings of her heart; and hurrying across to her guardian she awakened her from her sleep.

Mrs. Raymond was by no means heavy

headed, and she very quickly realized that a visitor had arrived and was desirous of speaking with her.

By the time that Paul Armstrong en tered the room, tall, white haired, florid and kind of manner, she was fully awake and received him gracefully.

The lawyer sat down near her.

He was usually quite at his case, as a man of the world ought to be, but on this occasion he was just the reverse. He took out his capacious handkerchief.

wiped his forehead, and, though enger to tell his news, subsided into the merest commonplaces. "Quite unpleasantly hot walking," he said, with a sorry apology for a smile.

"Yes, it must be," said Clare, belping him on, "especially if you are bearer of any news which has caused you to "Well, that is just it, you see," said Paul Armstrong, struggling back into his professional courage. "I am the bearer of news, and very bad news, and I wish any one else save myself had had the task of bringing it here. However,

Guy-Mr. L'Estrange-desired it should be so, and his word is law to me." May looked at him with eves full of

"Guy asked you to come?" she said. "O, pray, Mr. Armstrong, do explain! Suspense is far worse than the truth, believe me! Tell me, has any accident be-

He took her hand and gazed at he

wistful face kindly.
"You must be brave, Miss Fielding," he said, "for my news is very bad. Mr. L'Estrange is alive and well, but he is in sore trouble; he has been arrested-now calm yourself, Miss Fielding, for all is left hand was pressed over her bosom as | bound to come right-on a charge of attempted murder!"

> May uttered a gasping crv. Could this be true, or was it some hideons dream? Guy-her Guy, her betrothed husband-arrested on so foul a charge! It seemed impossible.

At first the world seemed swimming round with her; then, catching sight of a look on Clare's face which she had never seen before-a look of malignant triumph-she roused herself.

"Tell me all, Mr. Armstrong," she

sald, "I will not interrupt you again." Briefly then he narrated what had happened in the woods; the claim which the strange woman had made upon him: his burried departure home and the subsequent finding of the woman in the wood, severely wounded.

"But is that all?" asked May, claspin and unclasping her hands, and looking at them with wild, staring eyes. "Did he send me no message?"

"Ay, that he did, my dear," said Paul Armstrong, placing his hand on her shoulder and bending over her tenderly. "He bade you be of good cheer, for all would be well; that you were to believe him innocent of everything; that he had never seen the woman before in all his life, and that no blow from him had struck her down. 'As long as May thinks me innocent,' he said, 'I can bear up through

"I think I will go to my room," stammered May, attempting to rise. But the effort was too much for her as she rose the room seemed to turn

round with her, and she fell insensible into the lawyer's arms. With the aid of Clare and a servant Mrs. Raymond contrived, after a few moments, to bear the fainting girl to her

"This story has proved a terrible shock to her, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "though it is as well she heard it as she did from your lips. She must have learned the facts to-morrow, and, perhaps, not in so delicate a way."

The shrewd lawyer, accustomed to read character, had not passed unnoticed the strange looks which had crossed I may be very late." Clare's face as Le was telling his sad

"What is your opinion of it all. Miss Raymond?" he asked abruptly. She answered by another question,

"Are you our family solicitor as well

as Mr. L'Estrange's, the one upon whom he depends to prove his innocence?" "Certainly!" cried Paul Armstrong decisively. "I am his legal adviser, as I was his father's before him, and shall move heaven and earth to prove him

innocent of this foul charge. She gazed at him with a strange and inscrutable look. "In that case, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I would advise you to leave me

and my opinions out of the matter alto-And with a low bow, which seemed to you were the depositary of some weighty have a spice of mockery in it, she swept

from the room. The lawyer mused a moment ere he thought of taking his departure. "That girl knows more than she cares

to confess," he muttered, "Well, well, it's no use going in for cross-examinations to-night. We will wait and see how the affair goes off before the magistrates to-morrow. Dear me! I wish some one would come down. I can't go back to

that poor fellow without any message at After a little longer waiting he was relieved by the appearance of Mrs. Ray-

mond. "How is Miss Fielding?" he inquired. Better, I hope-well enough to send a message? I really don't like the idea of facing Guy unless I can carry him a

word of comfort." Mrs. Raymond smiled through her



And the fell insensible into the lawyer's

"Tell him," she said, "that May sends assurances of her complete love and trust. She will be in court to-morrow, if possible, and all the countryside shall know that her faith in him is unbounded."

"That is famous," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "You share her sentiments and mine, of course?" "In every way. I feel sure that Guy L'Estrange is innocent," replied Mrs.

Raymond. 'And Miss Raymond?" The lady of the lodge averted her

"My daughter is too upset even to talk over the matter," she said. "She has retired to her room."

"Ah!" was the lawyer's short but meaning rejoinder. "Good night, Mrs. Raymond. If I hear any good news, I will be over."

Guy had told his sunt the adventure at dinner time, and they were wondering what its meaning could be, when a it at once." servant entered with the news that a

The chief constable, accompanied by two of his men, had brought the news, and desired to see Mr. L'Estrange. Guy at once hastened to meet him in

He found them awaiting him with

very grave faces "This is a sad business Mr. Merton he said. "Surely it cannot be that handsome girl I met in the woods to-

day?" "Hush!" cried the chief constable raising his hand, "My duty is hard enough; don't make it worse by incriminating yourself."

Guy drew back with a haughty ger

"Incriminate myself! Sir, I do not understand you.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. L'Estrange," said the constable, still gently, for he respected the master of the park, and had had reason to know his kindness, "that I have a warrant here for your arrest for the attempted murder of Ruth Talbot, your wife. The lady states that you married her some two years ago under that assumed name; that some time since you left ber in London, saying you would be back soon; that through accident she discovered that you had come hither; that you met her in the woods, and she implored you to return to her. You broke from her; and then, when she rushed after you, you struck her down with one blow of your stick; then, finding she still lived, you struck her again and again. She states that it can all be easily proved; for a lady, hearing her cry, came upon the scene, saw the last blow, and when she recognized you,

you fled." Constable Merion was able to make this long speech without interruption, for Guy had staggered back, and leaned breathless and aghast, against the black

mantelpiece of the hall. Was he mad? Certainly that seemed

the easiest explanation of it all. The world appeared suddenly changed. "Mr. Merton," he said, after a mo-ment, "this false and cruel charge can and must be disproved. Let not my aunt know the real cause of, my leaving home. I will tell her that it is magis terial business." He rang the bell, and a man servant

appeared with suspicious alacrity. "Porter," said Guy, "bring some wine and tell Mrs. Geoffrey that I am called over to Deepford on business connectes with the marder in the wood." His aunt, Mrs. Gooffrey, came out her

self with the wine. "Ah! Good evening, Mr. Merton," she said; "this is a very sad affair! Must Mr. L'Estrange really go to-night?" "Yes, ma'am, it is very important."

said the constable, while readily accept-

ing the wine offered; Guy himself drank off two glasses in feverish haste, "You "Ob, it's all right: you needn't explain," cried the master of the park. "Good night, aunt; don't sit up for me,

When he reached the place where the wounded woman lay, she just had time to repeat her story, to recognize and identify Guy as her husband and her assailant, and then she fainted. Since then

she had not recovered conscionsness III.

On the next day, as others had exsected, May Fielding was too prostrated by grief to leave the house.

One of the servants was dispatched to

be present at the magisterial examina-

tion; but long before he returned Mr. He was received in the drawing room by Mrs. Raymond and Clare, who seemed to have quite recovered her usual placid ity and calm, though she exhibited signs

of interest as the lawyer entered hurriedly. He glanced anxiously round the room as he entered.

"Where is Miss Fielding?" he naked. "I trust she is not ill." "She is quite prostrated with grief, I am sorry to say," replied Mrs. Raymond anxiously; "but what nows do you bring

"Well, it is very much as I anticipated, except in one particular," said Paul Armstrong. "There was a mere formal examination, for the injured woman quite lost her senses before morning, though she doclared she could recognize him at once as her kusband by some marks upon his arm. She was too far gone to say exactly what she meant, but one of the attendants enoght the word "dagger," and there is certainly on his

arm the mark of an anchor and a dagger very plainly tatiooed." "That may be only a coincidence." said Mrs. Raymond. "But what does he

say? "By my advice he said nothing," said the lawyer. "We simply plead 'not guilty,' declare the charge to be preposterous, and await the moment when this woman shall make the full declaration And from sheer force of habit the law-

yer lapsed into the dry business tone he adopted in speaking to his general list of clients, or when instructing counsel. "I have no hopeful message, then, for May?" said his hostens, who was anxious chiefly on her account, and did not seem

to dare to face the wistful, yearning eyes without some word of con fort. "Well, yes," mid Paul Armstrong, with a smile. "You can tell her that Guy is in excellent spirits; that he treats the affair with scorn, and is quite propared to face it in every way. Tell May,' he said, us I left him, "that she

must bear up. It is only a postponement of our happiness." He chanced to glance at Clare as he spoke, and what he saw there threw a new light on the subject; he may the vengeful gleam of her eyes, the sudden rush of color to her cheeks, to be succeeded by a deadly pallor.

"Oh, the wind sets in that quarter, Ages it?" he said to himself, "I begin to see daylight now. She knows sumething, and is going to use her knowledge as a trump card."

"Well," he said aloud, as he rose to go, "be sure and give my message to Mis-Fielding, and tell her on my behalf that she has every reason to be cheerful. I look upon the whole thing as a trumped up affair-a bubble that must soon burst when put to the test."

"It is best not to be over confident." enid Clure, with a glance of meaning in ber dark eyes.

"No, we lawyers are never that," Said. Paul Armstrong, "Fear not, Mass Esquenced, Guy L'Estrange shall not suffer through that. I shall search out every atom of evidence, for and against. If you have any to give, pray let me know

"I do not understand you," she exid. woman had been found nearly murdered rising. "I fancy I hear Marietal I Good